

# Animal Comics 4(a)

This story from Our Gang 6 originally appeared between Animal Comics 3 and 4.

While Pogo does not appear, this early appearance of Albert and Bumbazine is still an important early story in the development of the series. While we can't reprint the whole issue on GAC, please enjoy this stage in Walt Kelly's development of his most famous series.





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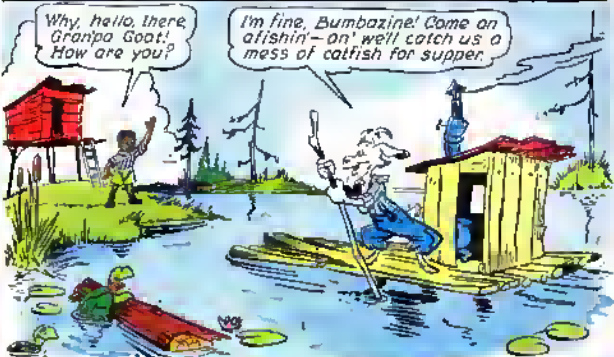
# Bumbazine and ALBERT

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*In an adventure with the Half-Jug Family*

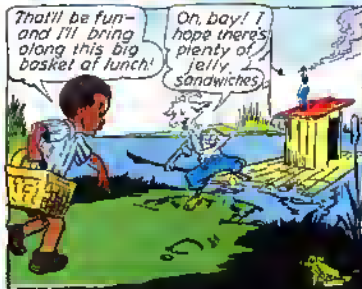
Why, hello, there,  
Granpa Goat!  
How are you?

I'm fine, Bumbazine! Come on  
afishin'—on' we'll catch us a  
mess of catfish for supper.



That'll be fun—  
and I'll bring  
along this big  
basket of lunch!

Oh, boy! I  
hope there's  
plenty of  
jelly  
sandwiches.



Aha!



So—they're goin' fishin' and they have plenty of lunch—hmmm!

Well, well! I should be able to do something about this, or my name isn't Albert the Alligator!

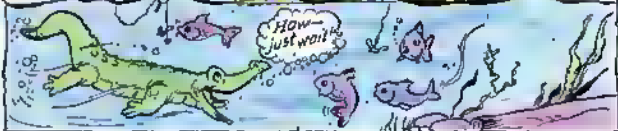


This is the life, Gran'pa Goat—nothing to worry about 'cept fishin'!

Yep! And come noon we eats all that splendidous lunch!



Haw—just wait!



First of all, we jus' ties these ol' hooks together

Then—a good hard pull on th' lines!

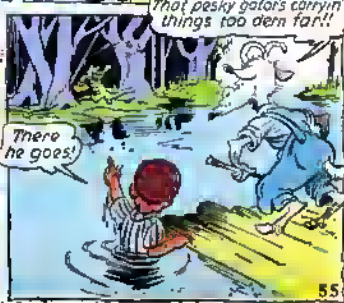
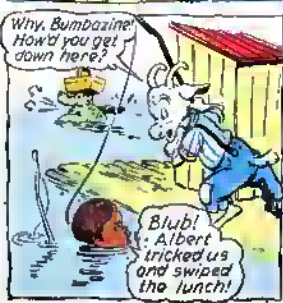
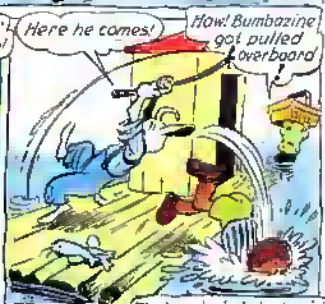
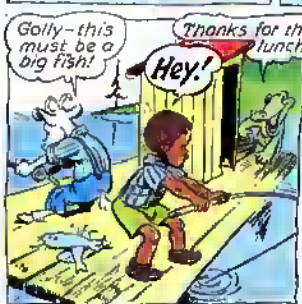
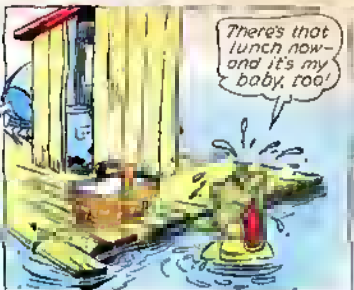


Great sacks! I've got a whale!

Me, too!

Haw!





He's carryin' our lunch too far - I'll tell you that! Gee, what'll we eat now?

Well, bless me! We can fry some of the catfishes we caught. Nothin's better'n catfish!

Mm-mmm!

That's the most beautifullest smell in the world!

Fello could bottle that aroma and sell it fo' a dollar a bottle!

Catfish!

Imagine! They were holdin' out on me!

Who wants ol' sandwiches when there is catfishes fryin'?

I do - and I'm glad I'm a flat-headed grosbeak!

Ready for the first bite — one — two — three —

Help, help! I'm a beautiful damsel and I'm drownin'!

Hold it! Somebody is drownin'!

Here we come, beautiful damsel, to save you!

Fried catfish! Come to poppa!

They's nobody in here but us folks, Bumbazine!

Look!

'Gator! I'm warnin' ya — Gramp Goat's gonna git ya!

catch me first, Gramps!

My sokes!



Push, Bumbozine! I got an idea  
that'll settle that gator's hash  
for a long time!

Okay, Gramps,  
but where are  
we goin'?



I've never been  
so deep in  
the swamp  
before



Golly - aren't you  
scared, Gramps?  
We're goin' right into this  
opening in the tree!

Just trust  
ol' Gramps,  
Bumbozine!



Well, g-gosh  
I'm scared  
anyway

Nothing to  
worry about.  
The current'll  
carry us along  
and-in a minute



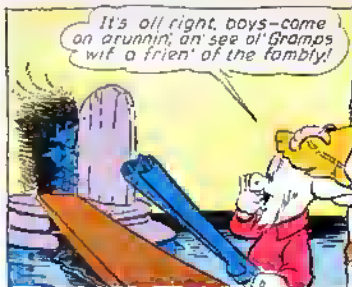
Why, hallo thar,  
Gramps! Ah was  
jes 'bout to let  
ya' hev bath  
barr'ls!

A-a  
dwarf!

H'lo, Weezer!  
I brought in a  
frien' of the fambly,  
lil' ol' Bumbozine.







It's off right, boys—come on arunnin', an' see ol' Gramps wif a frien' of the fambly!



Whut kin us Half-jug folks do fo' yo', Gramps?

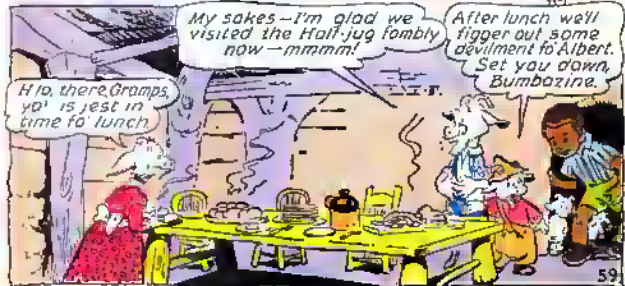


We've been havin' a little alligator trouble, an' we think you can help us



Yo' mean ya want that ol' Albert chastised a little, I jes' betyo'

Yep—that's it! We hova to cure that critter of stealin' our vittles!



My sakes—I'm glad we visited the Half-jug fambly now—mmmm!

After lunch we'll figger out some devilment fo' Albert. Set you down, Bumbazine.

Hio, there, Gramps, yo' is jest in time fo' lunch.

Before yo' lunch, all of yo' must take a spoonful of the potion.

Golly-me, too?

How-no-jes' us Hoff-jugs take it, couse it keeps us small so we kin wander round the swamps - otherwise we'd be reg'lar size ol' clumsy goats like Gramps! How!

Golly!

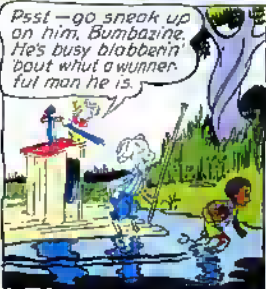
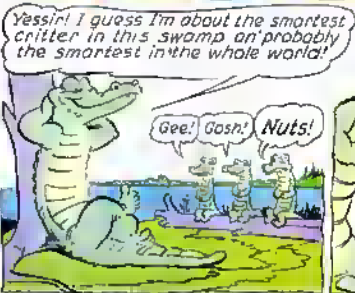
Golly be jolly - that gives me an idea! How about givin' ol' Albert a mouthful? He'd shrink for a week!

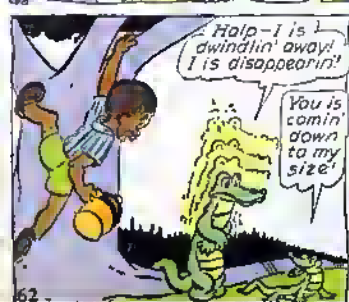
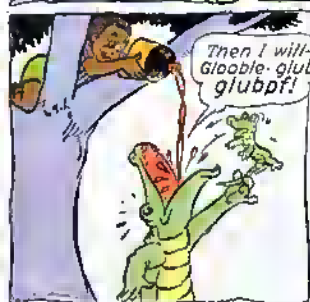
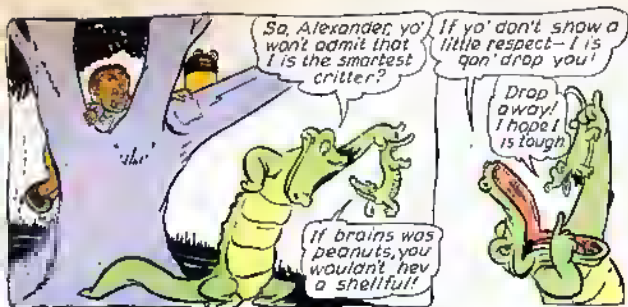
Come on! Man alive! Bumbazine has the kee-rect solution! Let's us dust on out an' ketch that ol' 'gator!

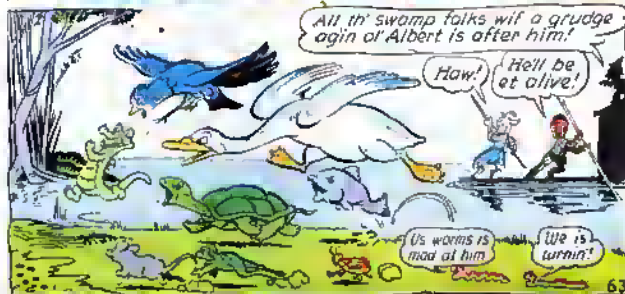
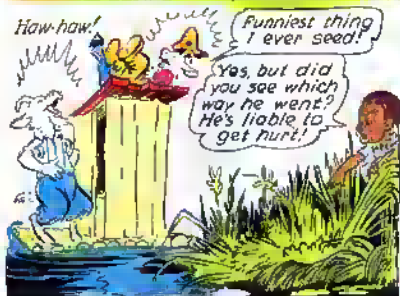
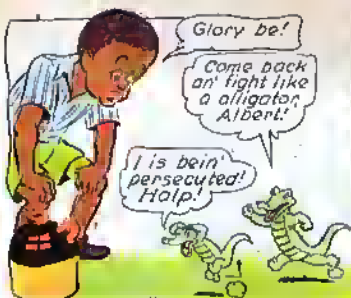
Full speed ahead!

How! We'll shrink that ol' 'gator down to size an' give him a proper spankin'!

Hee-hee!









Yo' kin ketch him in  
that jar, Bumbazine!

Yassir—he's jes'  
got to make  
that turn.

Against my  
better judgement  
I'll save his  
life!



Come on, Albert!  
Step inside an'  
try this on  
for size!

A  
refuge!  
A haven!  
A  
pickle  
jar!



Here now, you  
folks, calm down!  
You oll got a  
peck at ol' Albert  
and scared him  
good—everybody  
is oll square!

Aw, let us  
at him,  
Bumbazine!



How long will  
I be a lil'  
shrimp, Mr.  
Half-jug?

If yo' is good—  
about a week—but  
if you is stobfrapper  
ous we'll fix yo'  
to' good!

Mebbe this'll  
reform ol' Albert  
for all time!

Yo' got mo'  
chance of  
teachin' a  
mule to sing  
vn ap'ry